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And prayers never ascend
To a God as of yore;
Will Faith die in the dark, or rear for the morn,
new shrines at which Truth to adore?

Are there thoughts to cherish
Of life in yon void,
Or shall we but perish,
Be enrich'd or destroy'd?
And where shall the Soul find a grave for its death,
or whither set free be convoy'd?

ABODE OF JUSTICE

Portray not purposed Justice to be blind,
Where but freed eye may know if with constraint
Truth's cause is plead, or mere dissembling plaint
Be advocate to hold in thrall the mind;
Wildered let her not grope through dark to find
The virtue, sorely overcome and faint
And mute with pallid woe, that duress attaint
Of calumny though to shame's death consign'd.

Have Justice sojourn in a temple fair,
With guerdoned sight; yet be frequented ways
Her dwelling-place, life's wastage to repair
And wrong arraign by sentence of her gaze,
To make prone worth with loveliness co-heir
Of favor, and it to joy's dawn upraise.

JOSEPH S. AUERBACH.